The Knowing
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[CHAPTER 1: Moth to the Light]

I remember it clearly, It was humid that night. Rain was about to hit but hasn't in weeks. The streetlight was flickering intensely. I was drawn to it like a moth to a porch light. I approached it slowly. Then I proceeded to put my hands up to my head and it would turn off completely. I did this several times and it had done so consistently. I kept persisting in what I perceived was an exchange of energy. I noticed one neighbor several houses down with their phone out video recording me doing this. Shortly after I heard sirens and that's when the police showed up. They said "Sir are you okay, we're gonna get you help". I complied with their orders as they approached and let them search me and my person. After a brief frisk they put me in handcuffs and I knew it was off to the hospital. But couldn't help but wonder if I was a psych case, why was the neighbor filming my interaction with the light, not the police picking me up?

I was taken into the hospital with a police officer standing over me in the ER waiting room. I noticed the officer and his handheld radio, how the static bursts between the officer and the station on the radio had cadences within sequential grouping that were parallel in every nature. It was like between their speech and the static burst of the radio there was dual language. A hidden code within the static. I was alert to it now and felt my powers of perception validated.

When they took me back I told them "I understand why you do what you do for your occupation". "You're like me, you perceive like me" I stated. They nodded in agreeance silently, but did not say a single word. Then they had taken me to an ER room and proceeded to hook me up to a pulse oximeter machine and begin charting my vitals. I was calm, I was compliant, I was not a threat to them and they were more laxed on me.

They dug like hell through my arm searching for the vein. Finally they had hit one. They drew blood for labs. While a nurse was getting the blood she expressed "You're really in tune.. I'm trying to get there maybe one day". She finished with the tubes then she exited the room. I waited. Another nurse arrived about an hour after waiting in silence in the ambience of the hospital machines, patient and staff banter. They said I had tested negative on the blood drug panel with no substances detected in the system. Then shortly after that RN had left I quickly was approached by another nurse strolling up me with a wheelchair. Even though I hadn't any issues walking or the least bit fatigued. I told them I had no problems walking to the unit but they insisted. I believed in my mind they were trying to cover up the fact I was undergoing something regarding me and my energy levels.

It all became clear. What I was undergoing was not just a symptom of mania, but a whole new evolutionary height that I had rapidly waltzing into my perspective.

When I arrived at the unit they checked me in and had me strip searched. Which I thought made no sense if the police had already frisked me. A nurse showed me to my room and asked if I needed any soap or toiletries. I replied "Yes Ma'am, I don't have any belongings". I took a shower and as I did I could hear the maddening cries of the patients screaming.

I rested for a brief period and exited my room. I sat in the main common space cafeteria in silence. Viewing the array of other patients surrounding me. I sat calmly but observantly. Noticing the variants of mental states among my peers. I was sitting alone. Then a middle aged man sat next to me and tried to start small talk. "You gotta hate this hospital food ya know?" he replied. I scoffed then laughed a bit. "Yeah, the breadsticks are hard as a rock" I responded. He continued speaking and the more he spoke the more coherent he started to seem which I found unusual. "I'm a representative on behalf of the U.S. Federal Government under the Paranormal Division" he stated discreetly flashing a badge from out his pocket. "Is that so? Are you trying to tell me about the streetlights then?" I said. He calmly exclaimed "Yes, we've caught wind of your little happenings with them, it's creating quite an uproar in our little community". "Guilty as charged I suppose" I joked. "I.. I noticed something with them, It appears I can control the electricity within the lights". The agent interjected "You can't control them, you have a strong sense in displaying highly advanced psychic abilities". I stutter "you..you..you mean I'm able to predict things in my surrounding world?". "precisely, even patterns of human speech, you probably noticed how you catch the synchronized cadences of surrounding environmental noise almost like you hear its rhythm". "I.. I do, it's hard to tune out" I returned. "I too know this, that's why I'm telling you, just not at your level" the agent stated calmly. I concurred "I see". "Look, when they call you tomorrow to speak with the judge you don't speak of this, you speak like you are sound of mind and non delusional, they will certainly let you out, when you do go to this address and we'll help you with more regarding these matters". He said writing on a blank piece of paper and then proceeded to hand it to me. The nurses then approached us and the agent split characters into a mask of insanity and instability. "It's time for night meds gentleman" said the nurse. He turned to her and murmured "Shadow people live in the night, I don't like the night". "Oh Mr. Roberts they can't hurt you, c'mon now time for medication". We got up and walked with her up to the medication window.

"Your final injection will be ready Mr. Roberts tomorrow, hope it goes well with the judge and you are back to your normal life" the night nurse handed over the medication through the counter window. "You gotta help me the night people are afoot I can't shake their moon glare any longer." the agent then proceeded to scream out shortly after in anguish. "Ahhhhh, they are using their magic on me!". The nurse signaled the guards, when they appeared they pulled him into an empty room and administered an injection on him. "HELPPPP!!!" Roberts screamed. Then they shut the door. The nurse at the window pulled up my meds and handed them over to me. "We're sorry Mr. Roberts is a bit under the weather, here take this it'll help you sleep". I nodded in approval and she handed me my night meds. "Hope all goes well with the judge tomorrow". I took the meds in my cup and threw my head back with some water, "Yes, I sure hope so".

[CHAPTER 2: All in the Waiting]

I woke up refreshed and clear minded given the reassurance from yesterday's interaction with Mr. Roberts. I went to use the toilet and take a shower. Again I heard the bellowing moans and screams of the insane from outside my room door. Being no stranger to this environment I knew breakfast was to be served soon. I quickly dressed myself and exited into the cacophonous hallways. The other patients were starting to line up at the wall and I joined them. My stomach was rumbling like a thunderous summer night. A few minutes passed until finally the main door opened. The staff wheeled a cart of trays out at the center of the hallway. They called names for each tray. "Mrs. Hoffman, here's your breakfast" a nurse called out and an elderly woman stepped out of line and took her tray. I waited patiently until several more names were called. "Mr. Connor" I jolted from the wall but calmly grabbed my tray. Due to my appetite, I found myself able to disregard the appearance of the meal. Before I walked over to the table I turned to the nurse "Is Mr. Roberts okay?". "Oh, he's still resting from his outburst last night". Turning over to walk to the dining area I replied "That's unfortunate.. he's gonna miss breakfast". I sat down at an empty seat and began eating my tray. Something about the hospital bacon and eggs was oddly satisfying granted my hunger. After all the meals were handed out to the unit, the nurse saw I was almost done with my tray and walked up with another. "Do you want Mr. Roberts tray?, he's still asleep from his injection". I nodded and she placed it down in front of me.

After breakfast I waited outside the door in the ward to be seen by the Judge. I remembered all of Mr. Roberts instructions. It felt like about ten minutes passed by and suddenly the door opened. A woman emerged from out the opening door, "Mr. Connor, the Judge is ready to see you". I walked through the doorway with a calm demeanor, I knew I surely would be released. I sat before the Judge and waited for the trial to begin.

The Judge readied a tape recorder and started my trial. "Meeting in progress, this hearing is for Eugene Michael Connor, age 32, trial begins now." "Well, Mr. Connor, It appears you are held here in our best interest due to your mental state, you were claiming you had powers of some nature, do you believe you still do?". "No your Honor.. I wasn't quite myself the other night, I certainly feel I was going through a temporary crisis" I returned. "Clearly, well I'm glad you're feeling better son... But can I ask you what was your obsession with the streetlights?" questioned the Judge. "I..I don't rather know.. I think it was part of an ephemeral snap or break due to past traumas, the light became an obsession due to the loss of my close friend weeks before." "I'm sorry for your loss Mr. Connor, sincerely..... I believe you're back to reality and a well adjusted individual, I've inquired you're fine to return home, the nurses will gather your belongings and we'll get you a taxi home". "Thank you, your Honor, thank you.. I don't have any belongings, but I appreciate this chance to live my life." "Meeting adjourned" the judge stated before turning off the tape recorder.

After the hearing the nurses got my dismissal papers together and ordered a taxi to take me home. I felt great relief, the agent Mr. Roberts was right. Which makes me think.. What else is he right about? A nurse unlocked the doors to the ward and then proceeded to escort me down to the taxi. "You know if you ever need to come back, don't hesitate if there's any more problems in your life, we'd be happy to oblige" said the nurse as we traversed through the lobby. "Oh, don't worry, I don't think I'll be returning" I replied. "There's no harm in needing help sometimes you know" she said as we approached the taxi. "I know, I just think I have my wits about me after this visit" I stated. "Goodbye Mr. Connor" she opened the taxi door. I got in the taxi and the cab drove off.

A ways down the road I leaned up to the cab driver and asked him if he could drop me off elsewhere. "It's totally fine with me, where did you want to go instead?" the cabbie asked. I showed him the paper Mr. Roberts had written on. "Oh, no problem, no problem at all," he chuckled. We drove towards the heart of the city and continued onward. I had so many questions, I hope those at the destination will have the answers.

[CHAPTER 3: Debriefing]

After about a half hour the taxi came to a halt. "We're here sir" said the cabbie. "Thank you" I opened the door and got out. I stood before an empty business plaza. I thought there might have been some mistake. Thirty seconds or so passed and then I saw a man waving me over in a suit. I approached him hesitantly. "Hi, Mr. Roberts had sent me here". "We knew you were coming, follow me," he replied. I followed him into what looked to be an abandoned business in the plaza lot. He pushed a switch and the main floor sank lower. It startled me. "Don't be alarmed, we keep everything underground" said the man. The floor went on down underground slowly and it kept going. After many levels we finally reached a stop. Another man greeted me in military uniform on that level. "Mr. Connor, so glad to have you, you probably have so many questions, follow me." "I.. I do.." I stuttered as I began to follow him into a conference room. We both sat at the table in the room.

"Good afternoon Mr. Connor I'm Agent Frank, Mr. Roberts or as we know him as Agent Roberts, we brought you here because of your exceptional gifts" Frank stated. "Yes, so I've heard, I always thought it was something" I replied. "This exact phenomena our agency has been studying for awhile now. There's levels to it. What you were doing with the lights was what we here call EMI" informed Frank. "EMI?" I questioned. "Electrical Mental Interference, if you focus enough on the light it leaves prediction based cognizance and becomes interfered with the brain's energy field." "Agent Roberts told me I wasn't in control of the lights earlier.." I returned. "Oh, but you are, why else would you be here in front of me". "I guess that makes sense, are there other forms other than EMI?" I asked. "MCZ and NEC, both claircognizance based

procedures. MCZ stands for Mechanical Claircognizance, which is predictive based telepathy in mental reading of mechanical vehicles of land, air, and sea. NEC means Natural Environmental Claircognizance, it is the reading of natural environmental ambience of wildlife and weather to mask movements in the field" Agent Frank explained. "Do I have those too?" I asked. "Quite possibly, it's more than likely judging from our findings... We have a purpose for contacting you, there's a bit of a problem" Frank turned. "What's going on? Why do you need me?" I responded. "There's an issue with our terraformed moon city, you might not know because it is secret within our space program. We haven't told many people of the moon city, it was a prototype." said Frank. "This is all news to me, what's going on there? Why would you need me?" I exclaimed. "There's a space borne virus, it's dermal based affecting the subjects pores. You can tell they are infected because there's black and silver worm-like parasites coming out of the pores of their skin. It affects the host with hostility like no other, they become violent. We need you to help plant a bomb in the main power station in the city and help us wipe out the existence of this secret program before it spreads further." explained Frank very seriously. "What? I'm just a regular guy.. I can't possibly do that." I said. "Ah, but your abilities would give you the upper hand and make you the man for the job." Frank said. "What happens if I don't do it?" I questioned Frank. "Then back to the hospital you go and soon the world you know will cease to be" Frank said without hesitation. "Alright, I'll do it" I responded.

[CHAPTER 4: Introductions, Departure, & Arrival]

Agent Frank walked with me down a long corridor. Finally we approached what seemed to be an observational room of some kind. The walls were glass and in the center beyond the glass was a spiraling energy in the center of its focal point. Agent Frank turned to me "That's your way there, it's a portal to the moon city ZEKON-9". "I've never seen anything like this before" I replied in complete astonishment. Shortly after gazing into the center of the observational room three men approached in full gear. "These men are here to see you through to the station and aid you through your mission." Agent Frank announced. I approached the men, shaking their hands and reading their patches. "Jackson, Kepler, and Brutus" they read. "When we get through the portal we're going to have to cut through the transit railway systems and go across to the mining fields. The main power station will be just half a mile beyond there" said Brutus. "The infected have the ability to use the machinery on ZEKON-9, so MCZ is necessary." stated Jackson. "I'm not even sure if I can do MCZ.." I returned. Agent Frank budded in "Relax, even if you can't, these men can, I wouldn't send you in completely alone". "Then why even need me at all?" I said. "Your EMI ability is powerful enough to shut the station down so we can safely secure the bomb. Kepler here needs to cross wire the explosive by entwining wires within the system's main core" responded Agent Frank. "You're the right man for the job we all believe, just do what you did with the streetlights and all will be fine" reassured Kepler. "I will" I said while putting a hazmat suit on.

We approached the spiraling portal and stood before it. It was flashing all the colors of the spectrum simultaneously. I turned towards Brutus and said "What's it like going through one of these?". "Like the greatest roller coaster you've ever been on" joked Brutus. "You all ready?" questioned Kepler. I nodded and so did Jackson and Brutus. We all walked into the spiraling energy in the center of the room. I could feel butterflies in my stomach like I was weightless. We were completely surrounded by fractals of every color on the spectrum, they flashed intensely. Before I could come to terms with what I was seeing and experiencing we teleported into ZEKON-9. It was quiet, no one was in sight around us. "It's too quiet.. I'm sure we're not alone, keep your eyes peeled everybody, the transit railway system is 1 klick ahead, let's move" said Brutus. We all followed him and the city appeared abandoned. The vehicles all appeared empty. We pushed through the direction of the transit systems. Something was off.

[CHAPTER 5: The Mission]

We maneuvered through the empty vehicles and the transit system had reached our sight. "Straight ahead men, Move quick!" said Brutus. We picked up the pace and all began running. Out the corner of my eye I saw movement. "There's something out here, we're not alone" I pointed towards the direction of the movement and the squad opened fire at it. The figure fell down and twitched on the ground. We all approached it slowly. A giant mutated rat laid on it’s side gasping with black and silver worms wiggling out of it’s fur. "If there's one, there's others, let's get to that railway" commanded Brutus. We all ran to the transit building, but blocking the door was a group of the infected colony and they were well armed. They started shooting at us and we all split up and ran behind vehicles. I stayed with Brutus and followed. Jackson got up and fired at the group. Some of the infected began falling down and convulsing. Still shots were coming at us. Brutus popped out and shot a few of them down. Jackson stood again to shoot and caught a bullet to the shoulder. Jackson fell. Kepler threw a grenade "BRACE YOURSELF!". The grenade went off shaking the ground and the infected all exploded into chunks. There were black and silver worms raining down.

The coast was clear. We all ran to Jackson. He was laying down and had worms coming out of his wound. "Jackson's infected, he's been exposed.. what do we do?" I asked. Without hesitation Brutus pulled out a handgun and shot him in the head. I was horrified. "My MCZ is telling me there's vehicles approaching 2 klicks away, we have to get to a railcar" stressed Kepler. We entered the exploded front of the transit building and ran through the building to get to the railcar. Several infected rats began hissing at us and running towards us. Brutus and Kepler shot at them, killing them all. "RUN!" screamed Brutus. We kept running through the building. "This way! This railcar goes to the mining fields!" shouted Kepler. We reached the railcar, ran in and closed its doors. Kepler started the systems and we could see a mob of infected running towards the car as we rode away.

"WHAT THE HELL!" I screamed. "It's like a nightmare, I know, but you signed up for this mission, remember that" said Brutus. "Look once we hit the mining fields it's a straight shot" Kepler interjected. "I know, let's just finish this" I responded. We rode in silence until we reached the fields. After several minutes the railcar reached a halt and the doors loudly opened on the rail car. We had reached the fields. It was barron and completely secluded. "Alright it's half a mile to the East, let's make a run for it" Brutus began running. We followed. "We're almost there! Keep going!" exclaimed Kepler. We could see the main power station in our vantage. We all ran further until eventually reaching it. Brutus opened its doors, Kepler and I ran in and then he slammed them shut. Kepler approached the main core within the unit. "Moment of truth kid, we need you to focus on your EMI" he said. I put my hands to my head and focused my energy. I held still and determined. The lights in the room flickered. I kept channeling and fixated my energy. The grid had shut off completely. "You did it kid!" Kepler said enthusiastically. "I'll get to work". Kepler began fitting the explosive with the system's main core.

"It's armed, we got 30 minutes to get back to the portal" said Kepler. "Great" said Brutus. Suddenly there were loud thuds on the power station doors like fists. We all knew what that meant. Only time will tell..